

WHY WOMEN ARE SO INTELLIGENT

BY BELLE M. WALKER

ALWAYS read on the electric cars, because that is an easy way to ruin your eyes. Then incidentally you may annoy the conductor by keeping him waiting for his fare.

When he speaks to you and you finally realize what he wants, close your book in a quiet, leisurely, abstracted sort of a way, feel for your purse and give him a nickel, and then wonder why he does not give you back the twenty cents he owes you.

After you have worried yourself into quite a fever about it, then look into your purse. On seeing nothing but dimes and half dollars in it, remember you had no quarters and that it was a nickel that you gave him. This should occupy about seven blocks and should in no way interfere with the reading of your book.

Always choose something light and easy to understand, like Browning, Kant, or Matthew Arnold. If you could bring with you an uncut copy of your book, so much the better. The cars not being built for literary purposes are not equipped with paper cutters, so this gives a woman an opportunity to use a hair pin or a finger to cut the leaves and thus to add to the appearance of the book.

If the cars are crowded, as they sometimes are between five and six o'clock on the busy lines of any city, you will enjoy your poem or essay the more for the gentle and occasional stopping of the car, its slow and imperceptible start, the casual opening and shutting of the door, the rustling of newspapers, the peek-a-boo effect of the lights, if it be winter, and the general noise. All are excellent for mental concentration.

To know when you have arrived at your destination is of slight importance, and the conductor never troubles to mention it; so with this fact paramount you can do your author real justice.

If you are not a writer, a critic, or an editor of anything, and have no excuse for doing it, mark the book. If you have given the work no serious thought, write little criticisms on the margins; and between the lines write explanations of what you think the author meant. Be sure to cross out anything with which

you may not happen to agree. It is broadening to allow no one to differ from you. (Insist upon people thinking as you do, and do not forget to lose your temper when they do not.)

Always sit near the middle of the car and become so absorbed in your book that you will not move up or down when any one gets in until the conductor is forced to speak to you. This will attract considerable attention to you and to your book (which no publisher will seriously object to), and it affords a pleasant little diversion for the less literary occupants of the car.

Never occupy less than two seats. This can be easily accomplished by spreading out your skirts. When the conductor, knowing the seating capacity of his car, says, "Seats on the right, move up, please!" make it a purely personal affair and haughtily ignore him.

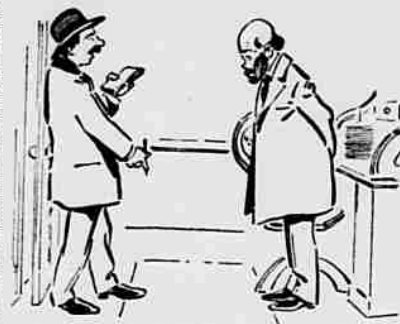
If you can become so intent in your reading that you can be carried several blocks beyond where you want to go, this will give you a chance to show your disposition and to reprimand the conductor for not being possessed of clairvoyant or mind-reading powers.

When at last you leave the car, do it slowly and with great dignity—cause a block if you really can give the time to it.

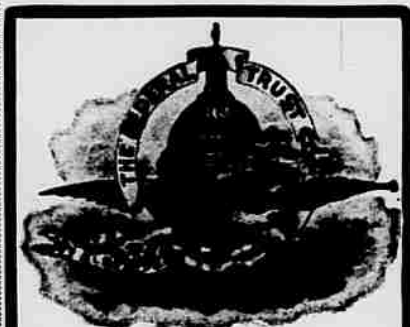
When the man who sat beside you follows you repeating, "Madam, madam," don't turn or in any way let him know that you hear him, for it might make it less awkward for him. When you get to the door and feel a light touch on your arm, snatch away and turn toward him angrily. When he offers you the book which you left on the seat beside you take it from him grudgingly and say "Thank you" so low that he cannot possibly hear it, or, better yet, don't say it at all. That will make him glad that he troubled himself about the book, and he will undoubtedly think better of your sex.

Let this occupy as much time as possible, and when the conductor asks you to "please step lively" notice his number so that you may report him at headquarters for impertinence and flounce off the car in a rage.

GOT WHAT HE CAME FOR.



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THE BROTHERHOOD OF BUCCANEERS

(Continued from page 12.)

adventure suddenly took quite another turn. Now that it was too late, they would gladly have relinquished all their prospective wealth to be safely back at home, and in bed too, though it was high noon. But since they were too frightened to do anything, they did not even run away; and Captain Morningglory found them on the appointed spot, glued to it, in fact. His face, and that of his mate, as they drew near, were so darkly threatening that Burly Pete unconsciously slipped behind his subordinate and fellow conspirator.

"Well, what are you two youngsters doing here?" thundered Morningglory. Simple Simon waited for his chief to reply, but hearing nothing from him and noticing the menacing glance in the eyes of the buccaneer, he managed to stammer:

"Please, we came to show you the way to the cave. That," he motioned over his shoulder, "is Burly Pete, and I-I'm his b-b-bloody boatswain."

"What nonsense is this?" shouted the Pirate. "If I thought it was true, I'd fill you both as full of holes as Mother Frawley's colander. Why, you're Simon Semple, and that little rat behind you is Master Goodwin's boy Peter."

"Yes, sir, Peter, sir, Burly Pete, the Skipper of the 'Sad Sea Dog.'"

"Sad Sea Puppies," roared the Captain, "and I'm another," he shouted, with an accompaniment of language that it was not pleasant to listen to.

"Shall we plug 'em, Captain?" asked the mate, suggestively fingering his pistol.

The Captain glared ferociously and Peter knew that his last moment had come. He was about to shut his eyes

and await his end when a familiar form appeared, running from the shore.

"Father!" cried Peter; and at the word the two pirates faced about and were confronted by half a dozen determined armed men led by Master Goodwin.

"Don't harm the boys," he cried. "They're rare jokers, but after all they're your partners, and the ones who suggested your Brotherhood of Buccaneers. You owe them their share, and we're only here to see fair play," explained Master Goodwin, thinking it best to temporize, seeing the cargo was not yet landed.

"You don't tell me—" The retired Buccaneer's face filled with chagrin. "Well, serves me right for listening to baby talk. What do you think?" He addressed the assemblage at large. "There's nothing for nobody this trip. Every blessed ship in the combine had counted on getting a big share for doing nothing all the year, and nothing have they done—just laid up in shore quarters, caroused and raised Cain, thinking the others would win enough for all. Not a merchant ship has been taken off the coast this year. The commerce of the colonies has been undisturbed, the merchants are bloated with wealth, my prestige is destroyed, and the Organized Ship-scuttlers is busted higher than Gilroy's kite."

"Not a ship captured by pirates for a whole year," exclaimed Peter jubilantly, having recovered his voice on the arrival of succor. "Then I claim the reward offered for the suppression of Piracy. Two thousand pounds! And half of it goes to Simple Simon. Father, you and Master Semple can get your new ships after all."

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